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THE
PLAYS
OF
SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE TEXT
OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, GEORGE STEEVENS,
AND ISAAC REED.

VOL. V.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW;
WILLIAM MILLER, ALBEMARLE-STREET; AND
A. CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

MDCCCVII.



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COMEDY OF ERRORS.

VOL. X.

A

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to*
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *ÆGEON and ÆMILIA, but*
 } *unknown to each other.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants*
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *on the two ANTIPHOLUS'S.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, Friend to ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjurer.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to ÆGEON, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUCE, *her Servant.*

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Ephesus.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more ;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws :

VOL. X.

A

The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars,
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are
done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause,
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end

J F V N

Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he (great care of goods at random left)
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arriv'd where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm:

But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so ;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ege. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind ;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their ship-wreck'd guests ;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befallen of them, and thee, till now.

Ege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,

Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him :
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, should they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can :
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help :
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,¹
And live ; if not, then thou art doom'd to die :—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A publick Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money, that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Erit Dro. S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir ; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me ?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,

And afterwards consort you till bed-time ;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. S. He, that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—

What now ? How chance, thou art return'd so soon ?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too late :
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek :
She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;
The meat is cold, because you come not home ;
You come not home, because you have no stomach ;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir ; tell me this, I pray ;
Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

Dro. E. O,—six-pence, that I had o'Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now :
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody ?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :
I from my mistress come to you in post ;
If I return, I shall be post indeed ;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of
season ;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this :
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

Dro. E. To me, sir ? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your fool-
ishness,

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the
mart

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner ;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money ;
Or I shall break that merry scone of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd :
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks ! what mistress, slave,
hast thou ?

Dro. E. Your worships' wife, my mistress at the
Phoenix ;

She, that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir ? for God's sake, hold
your hands ;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dro. E.*]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage ;

As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,

Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches, that deform the body ;

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such like liberties of sin :

If it prove so, I will begone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave ;

I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A publick Place.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master !
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :
A man is master of his liberty :

Time is their master ; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come : If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controls :
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some
sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where ?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she
pause ;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience, would'st relieve me :

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try ;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that
my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him ? know'st thou
his mind ?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear :
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel
his meaning ?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows ; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming nome ?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain ?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad ; but, sure, he's stark-mad :

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold :
'Tis dinner time, quoth I ; *My gold*, quoth he :
Your meat doth burn, quoth I ; *My gold*, quoth he :
Will you come home ? quoth I ; *My gold*, quoth he :
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd ; *My gold*, quoth he :
My mistress, sir, quoth I ; *Hang up thy mistress ;*
I know not thy mistress : out on thy mistress !

Luc. Quoth who ?

Dro. E. Quoth my master ;
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress ;—*
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders ;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating :
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with mé,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Erit.*

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me, that can be found;
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promised me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,

Will lose his beauty ; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold ; and so no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! }
[*Excunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart : See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir ? is your merry humour alter'd ?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur ? you receiv'd no gold ?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner ?
My house was at the Phœnix ? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me ?

Dro. S. What answer, sir ? when spake I such a
word ?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour
since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt ;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner ;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein :
What means this jest ? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the
teeth ?

Think'st thou, I jest ? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake : now your jest is
earnest :

Upon what bargain do you give it me ?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannicks, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it ? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head : an you use
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and
insconce it too ; or else I shall seek my wit in my
shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten ?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know ?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir ; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why ?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore ; for, they say, every
why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then,
wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out
of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme
nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something, that you
gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you
nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-
time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I
have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase
me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's
a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were
so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain
bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for his peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money, that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion :
But soft ! who wafts us yonder ?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown ;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow,
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself ?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me ;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious ?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate ?

Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you
not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is changed with
you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from
him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewo-
man?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spite!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—

Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.

Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I'll say as they say, and perséver so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us
all;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours :
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart ; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold ;
And that I did deny my wife and house :—
Thou, drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I
know :

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
show :

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kicked ; and, being at that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar : 'Pray God,
our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome
here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your wel-
come dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common ; that every churl
affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common ; for that's no-
thing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry
feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
guest :

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part ;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft ; my door is lock'd ; Go bid them let us in,

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,
Jen' !

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, cox-
comb, idiot, patch !

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the
hatch :

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
such store,

When one is one too many ? Go, get thee from the
door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter ? My mas-
ter stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there ? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefóre.

Ant. E. Wherefóre ? for my dinner ; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not ; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe ?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name ;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there ! Dromio, who are those at the gate ?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no ; he comes too late ;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh :—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff ?

Luce. Have at you with another : that's,—When ? can you tell ?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion ? you'll let us in, I hope ?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help ; well struck ; there was
blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake ?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the
door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in
the town ?

Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps
all this noise ?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with un-
ruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife ? you might have come
before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave ! go, get you from the
door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave
would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome ; we
would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with
neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master ; bid them
welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we
cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments
were thin.

Your cake here is warm within ; you stand here in the cold :

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir ; and words are but wind ;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking : Out upon thee, hind !

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee ! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in ; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather ; master, mean you so ?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather : If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir ; O, let it not be so ;

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me ; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner :
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it ;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave, when you are dead :
For slander lives upon succession ;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd ; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty ; wild, and, yet too, gentle ;—
There will we dine : this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain ; by this, I know, 'tis made :
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine ;
For there's the house ; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there : good sir, make haste :
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so ; This jest shall cost me some expence.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office ? shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate ?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness :
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness :
Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger :
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
Be secret-false : What need she be acquainted ?
What simple thief brags of his own attain ?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board :
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I
know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think,
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault, that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight.
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[*Exit Luc.*

*Enter, from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou
so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I
your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou
art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and be-
sides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thy-
self?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a
woman; one, that claims me; one, that haunts me; one,
that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse ; and she would have me as a beast : not that, I being a beast, she would have me ; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she ?

Dro. S. A very reverent body : ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence : I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease ; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter : if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of ?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept ; For why ? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault, that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain ; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name ?

Dro. S. Nell, sir ;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth ?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip : she is spherical, like a globe ; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me: called me Dromio: swore, I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;

And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here ;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor : but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus ?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir : Lo, here is the chain ;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine :
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this ?

Ang. What please yourself, sir ; I have made it for
you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have :
Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell :
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you ;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage :
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus :
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same :
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save ; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go
thou

And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith :—get thee gone ;

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit DROMIO.*]

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you;
I promised your presence, and the chain:
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine :
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he impórtunes me ; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now ;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fye ! now you run this humour out of breath :
Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance :
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no ;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you ! What should I answer you ?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do ; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation :—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that, I never had !
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer :—

I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir ; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail :—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away : our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim : the merry wind
Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now ! a madman ? Why, thou peevish
sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope ;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon :
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight ;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it ;

Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave ; be gone.
On, officer, to prison, till it come.

[*Excunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband :
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?
Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad, or merrily ?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none ; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love, I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty ; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still ;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah ! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse :
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go ; the desk, the purse ; sweet now,
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

Dro. S. By running fast ?

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell :
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One, whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel ;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff ;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one, that counter-
mands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands ;
A hound, that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot
well ;
One, that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to
hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luc.*—This I wonder at,

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it straight ;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister ; I am pressed down with conceit ;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me ;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;
Some offer me commodities to buy :
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks, that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure ; these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for :—
What, have you got the picture of old Adam new ap-
parelled ?

Ant. S. What gold is this ? What Adam dost thou
mean ?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but
that Adam, that keeps the prison : he, that goes in the
calf's-skin, that was killed for the prodigal ; he, that came

behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No ! why, 'tis a plain case : he, that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather ; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them ; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance ; he, that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What ! thou mean'st an officer ?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band ; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band ; one, that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest !*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night ? may we be gone ?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night ; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay : Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I ;
And here we wander in illusions ;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now :
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day ?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee tempt me not !

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan ?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn: Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised; And I'll begone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail, A rash, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous, Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch!—Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock : Mistress, that
you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself :
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain ;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason, that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away : This course I fittest choose ;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away ;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day ;
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus :
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man ; I think, he brings the money.

How now, sir ? have you that, I sent you for ?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money ?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir ; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[Beating him.]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient ; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain !

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed ; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows : When I am cold, he heats me with beating : when I am warm, he cools me with beating : I am waked with it, when I sleep ; raised with it, when I sit ; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home ; welcomed home with it, when I return :

Nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame !

Ant. E. I din'd at home ! Thou villain, what say'st
thou ?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut
out ?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut
out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there ?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and
scorn me ?

Dro. E. Certes, she did ; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd
you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence ?

Dro. E. In verity, you did ;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries ?

Pinch. It is no shame ; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest
me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me ? heart and good-will you
might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of du-
cats ?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope !

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd ;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks :
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-
day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold ;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all ;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me ;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

[*PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT. E. and DRO. E.*

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near
me.

Pinch. More company ;—the fiend is strong within
him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

Ant. E. What, will you murder me ? Thou gaoler,
thou,

I am thy prisoner ; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue ?

Off. Masters, let him go :

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt, he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants, with ANT. E. and
DRO. E.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,

(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)

Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his Rapier drawn,
and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more
help,

To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[Excunt Officer, ADR. and LUC.]

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from
you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from
thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely
do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us
gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that
but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage
of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and
turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. *[Excunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none, that lives here in the city ;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much,
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly :
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,

Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :
This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

Ant. S. I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir ; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear
thee :

Fye on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus :
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[They draw.]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and Others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake ; he is
mad ;—

Some get within him, take his sword away :
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my horse.

Dro. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake, take a
house.

This is some priory ;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Priory.]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people ; Wherefore throng you hither ?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence :
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last:
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom claimours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?
In food, in sport, and life preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast :
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself ;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient ; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again :

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order ;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart ; thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit Abbess.*]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five :
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come ; we will behold his
death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke attended ; ÆGEON bare-headed ; with the
Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess !

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him ;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away ; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them : then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them ;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars ;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,

To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Ser. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[Cry within.]

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard
with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!

Even for the service, that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood,
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

While she, with harlots, feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,

Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner :
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then ;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him : In the street I met him ;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not : for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey ; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats : he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates ; along with them
They brought one Pinch ; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man : this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd : then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first foreswore it on the mart.
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. What an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess
hither;

I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a
word;

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ege. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ege. Why look you strange on me? you know me
well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Ege. O! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me
last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Ege. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ege. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and what-

soever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ege. Not know my voice ! O, time's extremity !
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up ;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :
All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st, we parted : but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me, that it is not so ;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse :
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote:

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan, and
DROMIO Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other ;
And so of these : Which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man,
That had'st a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Ege. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son,
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day ?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband ?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so ;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother :—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good ;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir ; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio ; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me :
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it ; and much thanks for my
good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons ; nor, till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered :—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me ;
After so long grief, such nativity !

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[Excunt Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan, Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd ?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me ; I am your master, Dromio :
Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon :
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[Excunt ANTIPHOLUS S. and E. ADR. and LUC.]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother :

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till then,
lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother;

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION

To the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c.

SLY.

A Tapster.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALPHONSUS, a Merchant of Athens.

JEROBEL, Duke of Cestus.

AURELIUS, his Son,
FERANDO,
POLIDOR,

} *Suitors to the Daughters of*
ALPHONSUS.

VALERIA, Servant to AURELIUS.

SANDER, Servant to FERANDO.

PHYLOTUS, a Merchant, who personates the Duke.

KATE,
EMELIA,
PHYLEMA,

} *Daughters to ALPHONSUS.*

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to FERANDO and ALPHONSUS.

SCENE, Athens; and sometimes FERANDO's Country House.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

A Lord,
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen,
and other Servants attending on the
Lord. } *Persons in the*
Induction.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, Son to VINCENTIO, in love with BIANCA.
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to KATHARINA.

GREMIO, } *Suitors to BIANCA.*
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } *Servants to LUCENTIO.*
BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, } *Servants to PETRUCHIO.*
CURTIS, }

PEDANT, an old Fellow set up to personate VINCENTIO.

KATHARINA, the Shrew; } *Daughters to BAPTISTA.*
BIANCA, her Sister, }

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on BAPTISTA and PETRUCHIO.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in PETRUCHIO's House in the Country.



TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. *[Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. *[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Sercants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
 Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—
 What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
 Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
 A most delicious banquet by his bed,
 And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
 Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him, when he
 wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
 Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
 Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
 Procure me music ready when he wakes,
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
 And, if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
 And, with a low submissive reverence,
 Say,—What is it your honour will command?
 Let one attend him with a silver bason,
 Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
 And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
 Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear;
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease:
 Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
 And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs ;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him ;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out SLV. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis, that sounds :—

[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman ; that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now ? who is it ?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players, that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near :—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :
I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true ;—thou didst it excellent.—
 Well, you are come to me in happy time ;
 The rather for I have some sport in hand,
 Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
 There is a lord will hear you play to-night :
 But I am doubtful of your modesties ;
 Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
 (For yet his honour never heard a play,)
 You break into some merry passion,
 And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,
 Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
 And give them friendly welcome every one :
 Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, [*To a Serv.*
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
 And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
 Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
 He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished :
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
 With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;
 And say,—What is't your honour will command,
 Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
 May show her duty, and make known her love ?
 And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,—

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
 Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift ;
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :
 I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband ;
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef:—Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's—

1 Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams :
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing :
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground :
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark : Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are
as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook :
And Cytherea all in sedges hid ;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid ;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood ;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds :
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?
I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
And not a tiuker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your
hands ?

[Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.]

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !
O, that once more you knew but what you are !
These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord ; but very idle words :—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door ;
And rail upon the hostess of the house ;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts :
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
maid ;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—hus-
band?

My men should call me—lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and hus-
band;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and
slept

Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set :
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed :
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again : I
will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the
blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet ;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will ; let them play it : Is not a com-
monty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick ?

Page. No, my good lord : it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't : Come, madam wife, sit by
my side, and let the world slip : we shall ne'er be
younger. *[They sit down.]*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Padua. A public Place.**Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy ;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all ;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds ;
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness,
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind : for I have Pisa left,

And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetorick in your common talk:
Musick and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and
HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,

Before I have a husband for the elder :
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather : She's too rough for me :—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*To BAP.*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates
for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart :
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !

Gre. And me too, good Lord !

Tra. Hush, master ! here is some good pastime to-
ward ;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in :
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca ;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat ! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books, and instruments, shall be my company ;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, 'Tranio ! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.
[*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?
Sorry am I, that your good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd :—
Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA.

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or, signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up ;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay ;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too ; May I not ?
What, shall I be appointed hours ; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave ? Ha !

[Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts are
so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not
so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,
and fast it fairly out ; our cake's dough on both sides.
Farewell :—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca,

if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Grc. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Grc. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Grc. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Grc. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Grc. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the

best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*]

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou can'st;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her
sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,

That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air ;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir ; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands :—

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid :
That's your device.

Luc. It is : May it be done ?

Tra. Not possible ; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ?
Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his friends ;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. Basta ; content thee ; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house ;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master : then it follows thus ;—

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should :
I will some other be ; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so :—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient ;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been ?

Bion. Where have I been ? Nay, how now, where
are you ?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes ?
Or you stol'n his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither ; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his ;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,

I kill'd a mau, and fear I was descried :
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life :
You understand me ?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him ; 'Would I were so too !

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish
after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I
advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies :

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go :

One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;—

To make one among these wooers : If thou ask me
why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

1 Ser. *My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely ;
Comes there any more of it ?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady ;
'Would 'twere done !*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before HORTENSIO's House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, Knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir,
that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should
knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend
Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do
you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto*,

Molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.—
If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world,

To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,

And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich, -
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatick seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his
mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him
to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with
ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many
diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes
amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that, I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,

That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ; thou know'st not gold's effect :—

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman :
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her ;
And he knew my deceased father well :—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him : She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so : why, that's nothing ; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat : You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee ;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;
And her withholds from me, and other more

Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en ;
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katherine the curst !

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in musick, to instruct Bianca :
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO ; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with
books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile the old
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together !
Master, master, look about you : Who goes there ?
ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio ; 'tis the rival of my love :—
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous !

[They retire.]

Gre. O, very well ; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :
All books of love, see that at any hand ;
And see you read no other lectures to her ;
You understand me :—Over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow
you,

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love;
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange :

But, if you have a stomach, to't, o'God's name ;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

[*Aside.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?

Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

[*Aside.*

Grc. Hortensio, hark !

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Grc. And so we will ; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*Aside.*

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparell'd ; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola ?

Grc. He that has the two fair daughters :—is't [*Aside*
to *TRANIO.*] he you mean ?

Tra. Even he. Biondello !

Grc. Hark you, sir ; You mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir ; What have you to
do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir :—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

[*Aside.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go ;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no ?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Grc. No ; if, without more words, you will get you
hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you ?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you ?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,——

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown ;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have :
And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head ; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you ever yet see Baptista's daughter ?

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do, that he hath two ;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth ;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors ;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed :
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be-
gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A room in BAPTISTA'S House.*

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain : but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat :
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest ; Is't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while :
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this insolence ?——

Bianca, stand aside ;—poor girl ! she weeps :—

Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee ?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after BIANCA.*]

Bap. What, in my sight ?—*Bianca*, get thee in.

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me ? Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband ;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me ; I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I ?

But who comes here ?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man ; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a Musician ; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio : God save you, gentlemen !

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report, which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :
Baccare ! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio ; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting* LUCENTIO.] that hath been long studying at Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks : his name is Cambio ; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio : welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To* TRANIO.] methinks, you walk like a stranger ; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own ;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister :
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [*To Hor.*] the lute, and you [*To Luc.*] the
set of books,

You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within !

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, and*

BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :

Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands :
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—

In all my lands and leases whatsoever :
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love ; for that is ail in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed !
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou look so
pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musi-
cian ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these ? quoth she : *I'll fume with them :*

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and
HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit, when she comes.
Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married;—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him, that mov'd
you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a movcable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? Should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take thee ?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle ; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp ; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting ?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue ?

Kath. Your's, if you talk of tails ; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail ? nay, come again,

Good Kate ; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. *[Striking him.]*

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms :

If you strike me, you are no gentleman ;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate ? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar ;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous ;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp ?
O slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazle-twigh,
Is straight, and slender ; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented,
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruchio: How speed you with
My daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your
dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;
If she be curst, it is for policy :
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel ;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity :
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio ! she says, she'll see thee hang'd
first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night
our part !

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen ; I choose her for my-
self ;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me : O, the kindest Kate !—

She hung about my neck ; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices ! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day :—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exit PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's
part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this
strife:

'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping : then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in.—Sir, list to me ;
I am my father's heir, and only son :
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua ;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land !
My land amounts not to so much in all :
That she shall have : besides an argosy,

That now is lying in Marscilles' road :—

What, have I chok'd you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies : besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight gallies : these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;
And she can have no more than all I have ;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd :—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married :
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to signior Gremio :

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not ;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table : Tut ! a toy !
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good :—

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in BAPTISTA's House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir :
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment,
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass ! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that, which resteth in my choice :
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;

His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To BIAN.*—*HOR. retires.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio, that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear;—

[*HOR. plays.*

O fye! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides* Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To Luc.*] and give me leave
awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside,*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] *Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,*

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best: I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt BIAN. and Servant.*]

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before BAPTISTA's House.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINE,
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To TRA.*] this is the 'point-
ed day,

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:

And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[Exit, weeping, followed by BIAN. and others.]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news
as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's
coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and

an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: His horse hipped with an old moth-y saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to nose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion: Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company;

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Though in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse,

As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done
with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt PET. GRUM. and BION.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*]

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business :
We'll o'er-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola ;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio ! came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home ?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you ? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she ? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut ! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio ; when the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,

Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he ; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book :

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest ;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd, and
swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine :—*A health*, quoth he ; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm :—Quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;
Having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck ;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming :
Such a mad marriage never was before ;
Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
pains :

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come :
Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :
Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grunio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready : the oats have eaten
the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way,

You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green ;

For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself :

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee ; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry ; What hast thou to do ?—

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir : now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :—

I see, a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :—

Obeý the bride, you that attend on her ;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourselves ;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own :
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in Padua.——Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate ;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Excunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, and GRUMIO.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and
bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast ;—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's
go.

[*Excunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in PETRUCHIO's Country House.**Enter GRUMIO.*

Gru. Fye, fye, on all tired jades ! on all mad masters ! and all foul ways ! Was ever man so beaten ? was ever man so rayed ? was ever man so weary ? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me :—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself ; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa ! Curtis !

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly ?

Gru. A piece of ice : If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio ?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay : and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported ?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost : but,

thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast ; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot ; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world ?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and, therefore, fire : Do thy duty, and have thy duty ; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready ; And therefore, good Grumio, the news ?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy ! ho boy !* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching :—

Gru. Why therefore, fire ; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook ? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept ; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on ? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order ?

Curt. All ready ; And therefore, I pray thee, news ?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired ; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How ?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [Striking him.]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard, how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me, because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleek-

ly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit : let them curtsy with their left legs ; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho ? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that ?

Gru. Thou, it seems ; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio ?

Jos. What, Grumio !

Nich. Fellow Grumio !

Nath. How now, old lad ?

Gru. Welcome, you ;—how now, you ; what, you ;—fellow, you ;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat ?

Nath. All things is ready : How near is our master ?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence !—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves ? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse !
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip ?——

All Serv. Here, here, sir ; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir !——
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms !
What, no attendance ? no regard ? no duty ?——
Where is the foolish knave I sent before ?

Gru. Here, sir ; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain ! you whoreson malt-horse
drudge !

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee ?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel ;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing :
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory ;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly ;
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led,—— [Sings.
Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud !

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say ?——Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains ; When ?

It was the friar of orders grey, [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way :——

Out, out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry :

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate :—Some water, here ; what, ho !—

Where's my spaniel Troilus ?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :—

[Exit Servant.]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers ?—Shall I have some water ?

[A bason is presented to him.]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily :—

[Servant lets the ewer fall.]

You whoreson villain ! will you let it fall ?

[Strikes him.]

Kath. Patience, I pray you ; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave !

Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate ; or else shall I ?—
What is this ? mutton ?

1 Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it ?

1 Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat :

What dogs are these ?—Where is the rascal cook ?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me, that love it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves !

What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away ;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company :—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.]

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he ?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her :
And rails, and swears, and rates : that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away ! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed ;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her ;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour :—
He, that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to show. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Padua. Before BAPTISTA's House.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

Bian. What, master, read you ? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that, I profess ; the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art !

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.
[*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry ! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear, that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love ! unconstant womankind !—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more : I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be ;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion ;
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court !——Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours,
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat :
Fye on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forsworn !
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,

Ere three days pass ; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard :
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO and BIANCA
advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace,
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case !
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love ;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest ; But have you both forsworn
me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school ! what, is there such a
place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master ;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I am dog-weary ; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,

Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio ;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Excunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two :
But then up further ; and as far as Rome ;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir ?—marry, God forbid !
And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

Ped. My life, sir ! how, I pray ? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua ; Know you not the cause ?
Your ships are staid at Venice ; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly :
'Tis marvel ; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so ;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you ;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa ?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been ;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio ?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him ;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all
one. *[Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake ;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd :—
Look, that you take upon you as you should ;
You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay,
Till you have done your business in the city :
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do ; and will repeat you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand ;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in PETRUCHIO's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
And that, which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love ;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat :

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd ?

Kath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear, 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

Kath. A dish, that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat; and HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amort ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[Sets the dish on a table.]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not ;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof :—

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. 'Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame!
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace :—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

[*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind ;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie :
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay :—Come, tailor, let us
see't.

O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here ?
What's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :
What ! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart ?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop :—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*]

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did ; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir :
I'll none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is decciv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;
brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I
say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown;
but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew

me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread : I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape ;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve ;—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir ; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be arm'd in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say ; an' I had thee in place where, thou shoud'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir ; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life : Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use !

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for :

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !

O, fye, fye, fye !

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid :—

[*Aside.*

Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words :
Away, I say ; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :
For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :
And therefore, frolick ; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see ; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse :
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone :
I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ! this gallant will command the sun.
[*Excunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.*

*Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCEN-
TIO.*

Tra. Sir, this is the house ; Please it you, that I call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well ;
And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you : But, sir, here comes your boy ;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice ;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow ; hold thee, that to drink.
Here comes Baptista :—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :—

Sir, [*To the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Excunt TRA. Pedant, and BAP.*]

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind,
to expound the meaning, or moral, of his signs
and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But, bid Bianca farewell for ever, and a day.

[*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon, as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come, against you come with your appendix.

[*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Public Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward
our father's.

Good lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon, that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun, that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house:—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

And if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun!—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—

[To VINCENTIO.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make
known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me ;
My name is call'd—Vincentio : my dwelling—Pisa ;
And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father ;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married : Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd ; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio :
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt PET. KATH. and VIN.*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow ; and if she be forward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Erit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Padua. Before LUCENTIO's House.*

Enter, on one side, BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA; GREMIO walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exit LUC. BIAN. and BION.]

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go; I think, I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. *[Knocks.]*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To VIN.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing BION.*

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue: What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats *BION*.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [Exit.

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[Exit, from the window.

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O, immortal gods! O, fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have

brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the goal:—Father Baptista, I charge you see, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:—O, monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*]

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[*BION. TRA. and Pedant run out.*]

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

[*Kneeling.*]

Bap. How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent
me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To LUCENTIO.*] Have
you married my daughter without asking my good-
will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to:
But I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Erit.*]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Erit.*]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt LUC. and BIAN.*]

Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest; Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in LUCENTIO'S House.*

A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and Others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree: And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.— My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:— Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—

And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house ;
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer : Pray you, sit down ;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[They sit at table.]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were
true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense ;
I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended : Kiss him for that, good
widow.

Kath. He, that is giddy, thinks the world turns
round :—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer :—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun, Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your bow :— You are welcome all.

[*Excunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio, This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-hound, Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content:—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word,
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse:

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit* KATHARINA.]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy ;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio !
The wager thou hast won ; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet ;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes ; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not ;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

Bian. Fye ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too :
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking ; we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye, fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one, that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown :
But now, I see our lances are but straws ;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot ;
And place your hands below your husband's foot :
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench !—Come on, and kiss me,
Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad ; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed :—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white ;

[*To* *LUCENTIO*.

And, being a winner, God give you good night !

[*Excunt* *PETRUCHIO* and *KATH*.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Excunt*.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.



PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, } *Lords attending on the King.*

DUMAIN,

BOYET, } *Lords attending on the Princess of*
MERCADÉ, } *France.*

Don ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.

Sir NATHANIEL, a Curate.

HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.

DULL, a Constable.

COSTARD, a Clown.

MOTH, Page to ARMADO.

A Forester.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE,

MARIA, } *Ladies attending on the Princess.*

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a country Wench.*

Officers and others, Attendants on the King and
Princess.

SCENE, Navarre.



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endcavour of this present breath may buy

That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;
Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here :
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names ;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein :
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd : 'tis but a three years' fast ;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :
Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified ;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances :
As, not to see a woman in that term ;

Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
And, one day in a week to touch no food ;
And but one meal on every day beside ;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day ;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day ;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please ;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study ? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not
know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from com-
mon sense ?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know :
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid ;
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid :
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know :
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :
As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks ;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame ;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading !

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the
weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a
breeding.

Dum. How follows that ?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am ; why should proud summer
boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;

But like of each thing, that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out : go home, Biron ; adieu !

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with
you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same ;

And to the strict'st degrees I'll write my name. }

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame !

Biron. [*Reads.*] Item, *That no woman shall come with-*
in a mile of my court.—

And hath this been proclaim'd ?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

[*Reads.*].—*On pain of losing her tongue.*—

Who devis'd this?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.

[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—

About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;

She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space:

For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace:

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name :

[*Subscribes.*]

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame :

Suggestions are to others, as to me ;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted ?

King. Ay, that there is : our court, you know, is
haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport ;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person ?

Biron. This, fellow ; What would'st ?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough : but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad ; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having : God grant us patience !

Biron. To hear ? or forbear hearing ?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner ?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir ; all those three : I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park ; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman : for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir ?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction ; And God defend the right !

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, *besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,*

Cost. Me.

King. —*that unletter'd small-knowing soul,*

Cost. Me.

King. —*that shallow vassal,*

Cost. Still me.

King. —*which, as I remember, hight Costard,*

Cost. O me !

King. —*sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith.*

Cost. With a wench.

King. —*with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull ; a mun of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

Dull. Me, an't shall please you ; I am Antony Dull.

King. *For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury ; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrab, what say you to this ?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation ?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir, I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed, damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir ; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too ; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity ; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence ; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt King, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir : for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl ; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity ! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. ARMADO'S House.**Enter ARMADO and MOTH.**Arm.* Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.*Moth.* No, no; O lord, sir, no.*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.*Moth.* Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?*Arm.* In thy condign praise.*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him. *[Aside.]*

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher. *[Aside.]*

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a

base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [Aside.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe : and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance ; but a' must fast three days a-week : For this damsel, I must keep her at the park ; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are !

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face ?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you !

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exit DULL and JAQUENETTA.]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain ; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave ; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir ; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see ?

Cost. Nay nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words ; and, therefore, I will say nothing : I thank God, I have as little patience as another man ; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falshood,) if I love : And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted ? Love is a familiar ; love is a devil : there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted ; and he had an excellent strength : yet was Solomon so seduced ; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not : his disgrace is to be called boy ; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your manager is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit ; write pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same. A Pavilion and
Tents at a distance.*

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits :

Consider who the king your father sends ;
To whom he sends ; and what's his embassy :
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem ;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain ; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,

Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Impórtunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humbly-visag'd suitors, his high-will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Erit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solémnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,

(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is't so ?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest ?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all, that virtue love, for virtue lov'd :
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him : if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ;
That every one her own hath garnished

With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. *[The Ladies mask.]*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again ; and, welcome I have not yet : the roof of this court is too high to be yours ; and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then ; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady ; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord ! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it ; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
And sin to break it :
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold ;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away ;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question !

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you, that spur me with such ques-
tions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill
tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day ?

Ros. The hour, that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Biron. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,) Receiv'd that sum ; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain ;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it ;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word :—
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping :
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me : at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness :
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

[*Exeunt King and his Train.*]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations ; I would be
glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My physick says I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No *pynt*, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long-living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Long. I beseech you a word; What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit LONG.*]

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord ;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his
word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry !

Boyet. And wherefore not ships ?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture ; Shall that finish the
jest ?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering to kiss her.*]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast ;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom ?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling : but, gentles, agree :
The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what ?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason ?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in chrystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were
glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath
disclos'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skil-
fully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of
him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father
is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel*—— [Singing.

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches—that

would be betrayed without these ; and make them men of note, (do you note, men ?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience ?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse ?

Moth. No, master ; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love ?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student ! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant : By heart, you love her, because your heart cannot come by her : in heart, you love her, because your heart is in love with her ; and out of heart, you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain ; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised ; a horse to be ambassador for an ass !

Arm. Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited : But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is returned.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in
a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;
—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the
mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*,
no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly
thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes
me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars!
Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the
word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy*
a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to
make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with
my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; Would
you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's
flat:—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argu-
ment begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: Thus came your
argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*:

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependents.—Moth, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!— [*Exit* *MOTH.*]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny*:—No, *I'll give you a remuneration*: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than

French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard ! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration ?

Biron. What is a remuneration ?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship : God be with you !

Biron. O, stay, slave ; I must employ thee :

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me, that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir ?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir : Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave,
it is but this ;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady ;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her : ask for her ;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ; go.

[Gives him money.]

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon ! better than re-

muneration ; eleven-pence farthing better : Most sweet guerdon !—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Erit.*

Biron. O !—And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been love's whip ;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;
A critic ; nay, a night-watch constable ;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent !
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy ;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,—O my little heart !—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !
What ? I ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing ; ever out of frame ;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right ?
Nay to be perjur'd, which is worst of all ;
And, among three, to love the worst of all ;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard :
And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan ;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

*Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,
BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so
hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill ?

Boyet. I know not ; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch ;

On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,

That we must stand and play the murderer in ?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice ;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what ? first praise me, and again say, no ?
O short-liv'd pride ! Not fair ? alack for woe !

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now ;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true ;

[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve,
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which, to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the*

king's: the captive is enriched; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-while.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you ; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it ?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady ?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he called Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords,
away.

Here, sweet, put up this ; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit Princess and Train.*]

Boyet. Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor ?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know ?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off !

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on !

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer ?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself : come near.

Finely put on, indeed !—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower : Have I hit her
now ?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,
that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little
boy, as touching the hit it ?

Biron. So I may answer thee with one as old, that
was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a
little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [Singing.
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and KATH.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man !
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan !
To see him kiss his hand ! and how most sweetly a'
will swear !—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit !
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit !

Sola, sola !

[*Shouting within.*

[*Exit COSTARD, running.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly ; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood ; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven ; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least : But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way of explication ; *face-re*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For, as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to fivescore.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange ; for the moon is never but a month old : and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer ? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge* ; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter ; for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket ;

Some say, a sore ; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell ; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket ;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel : the people fall a hooting. If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores ; O sore L ! Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent !

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater* ; and deliver'd upon the melting of occasion : But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you ; and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction : if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them : But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur* : a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good-morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one ?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 'tis pretty ; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter ; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho : I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan ! I may speak of thee, as the traveller doth of Venice :

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non te vede, ci non te pregia.

Old Mantuan ! old Mantuan ! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses ?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.—But, damoisella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child, or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society, (saith the text,) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes

it.—Sir, [*To DULL.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!
[*Gets up into a tree.*]

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet

Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith, secrets.—

King. [Reads.] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one-half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through thy grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?*
[Steps aside.]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!
[Aside.]

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.
[Aside.]

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!
[Aside.]

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

[*Aside.*

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go.— [*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye

('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes
flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o'the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

[Stepping aside.]

Biron. *[Aside.]* All hid, all hid, an old infant play:
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! *[Aside.]*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.

[Aside.]

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[Aside.]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

[Aside.]

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

[Aside.]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

[Aside.]

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

[Aside.]

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good
word?

[Aside.]

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood? why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision!

[Aside.]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

[*Aside.*

Dum. *On a day, (alack the day!)
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spied a blossom, passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air:
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so!
 But alack, my hand is sworn,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee:
 Thou for whom even Jove would swear,
 Juno but an Ethiop were;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.—*

This will I send; and something else more plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;

For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from cha-
 rity,

That in love's grief desir'st society:

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing.*] you blush ; as his your
case is such ;

You chide at him, offending twice as much :
You do not love Maria ; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion ;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :
Ah me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

[*To Long.*

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To Dum.*

What will Birón say, when that he shall hear
A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear ?
How will he scorn ? how will he spend his wit ?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me :

[*Descends from the tree.*

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love ?
Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears :

You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critick Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;

Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*]
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou
tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not
fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picks up the pieces.*]

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [*To Cos-
TARD.*] you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make
up the mess:

He, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four :—
Will these turtles be gone ?

King. Hence, sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
stay. [Exit *COST.* and *JACQUENET.*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace !

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;
Young blood will not obey an old decree :
We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of
thine ?

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now ?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Birón* :
O, but for my love, day would turn to night !

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek :
Where several worthies make one dignity ;
Where nothing wauts, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fye, painted rhetorick ! O, she needs it not :
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;
She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine !
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look :
No face is fair, that is not full so black.
King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night ;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days ;
For native blood is counted painting now ;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

[*Showing his shoe.*]

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see, as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;

Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron: O, tis more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms:

Consider, what you first did swear unto;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book :
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you, —
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face ?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries ;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;
And study too, the causer of your vow :
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books ;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with ?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd ;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
Then fools you were these women to forswear ;

4

Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :
It is religion to be thus forsworn :
For charity itself fulfils the law ;
And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;
Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by :
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

King. And win them too : therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither ;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons ! Allons !*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn ;
And justice always whirls in equal measure :
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Takes out his table book.]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such unsociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he

should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocat*ur, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?*—*bone*, for *benè*: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

[*To* MOTH.]

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*To* COSTARD *aside*.]

Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [*To* HOL.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I .

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep ; the other two concludes it ; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit : snip, snap, quick and home ; it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà* ; A gig of a cuckold's horn !

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard ! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me ! Go to ; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin ; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula* ; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain ?

Hol. Or, *mous*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion,



in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command,

and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry,—*well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play

on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in :

A lady wall'd about with diamonds !—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

Prin. Nothing but this ? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all ;

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax ;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him ; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;

And so she died : had she been light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,

She might have been a grandam ere she died :

And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word ?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not
for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam ; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover :
A huge translation of hypocrisy.
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville ;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less : Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short ?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Birón I'll torture, ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week !
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek ;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes ;
And shape his service wholly to my behests ;
And make him proud to make me proud that jests !
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Aimed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muste your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder ;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus ; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before :
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via ! we will do't, come what will come :*
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well :*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians : as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so ? the gallants shall be task'd :
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear ;
And then the king will court thee for his dear ;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favours too ; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then ; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :

They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyct. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Boyct. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers
come. [The ladies mask.]

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in Russian habits, and mask'd; MOTH, Musicians,
and Attendants.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyct. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[The ladies turn their backs to him.]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!*

Out——

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. *Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—*

Biron. *Once to behold, rogue.*

Moth. *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,—
—with your sun-beamed eyes—*

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me
out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds,
Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,

How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry cyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one
change:

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*]

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus es-
trang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

- Ros.* Only to part friends:—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves; What buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
King. I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*]
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,) Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall! bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*]
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[They converse apart.]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[They converse apart.]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break
off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Music, and Attendants.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyct. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No *point*, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyct. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows ;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :
Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud :
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd :
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;
And wonder, what they were ; and to what end
'Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw ; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Ros. KATH. and MARIA.*]

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you ! Where is the princess ?

Boyet. Gone to her tent ; Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither ?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Erit.*]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas ;

And utters it again when God doth please :
He is wit's pedler ; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs ;
And we, that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :
He can carve too, and lisp : Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy ;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly ; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales bone :
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part !

Enter the Princess, usher'd by BOYET ; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes !—Behaviour, what wert thou,

Till this man show'd thee ? and what art thou now ?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day !

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you ; and purpose now
To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me ; and so hold your vow :
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue : vice you should have
spoke ;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest :

So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game ;

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam ? Russians ?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true :—It is not so, my lord ;

My lady, (to the manner of the days,)

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted here with four

In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish ; when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light : Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich ; for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine ?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore ?

Biron. Where ? when ? what visor ? why demand
you this ?

Ros. There, then, that visor ; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried : they'll mock us now down-
right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord ? Why looks your highness
sad ?

Ros. Help, hold his brows ! he'll swoon ! Why look
you pale ?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out ?—

Here stand I, lady ; dart thy skill at me ;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free;
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd ?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear ;

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will ; and therefore keep it :—Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight ; and did value me
Above this world : adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam ? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give ;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;

And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear :—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again ?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent,

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy :

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—

Told our intents before : which once disclos'd,

The ladies did change favours; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn; in will, and error.

Much upon this it is :—And might not you

[*To Boyet.*

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue ?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?

You put our page out : Go, you are allow'd ;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.

You leer upon me, do you ? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace, I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it
is not so:

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know
what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it
doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three three for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your
living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the ac-
tors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount; for my
own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,
e'en one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pom-
pion the great: for mine own part, I know not the de-
gree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some
care. [Exit COSTARD.

King. Birón, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some
policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now ;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how :
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth ;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*]

Prin. Doth this man serve God ?

Biron. Why ask you ?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch :
for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical ; too, too vain ; too, too vain : But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement !

[*Exit ARMADO.*]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies :
He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pompey the great ; the parish curate, Alexander ; Armado's page, Hercules ; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,
the fool, and the boy :—

Abate a throw at Novum ; and the whole world again,
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes
amain.

[*Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD arm'd, for Pompey.

Cost. *I Pompey am,*—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. *I Pompey am,*—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker ; I must needs be friends
with thee.

Cost. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,*—

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir ;—*Pompey surnam'd the great ;*
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe
to sweat :

And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance ;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had done,

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth : but, I hope, I was perfect : I made a little fault in, *great.*

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the
best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for ALEXANDER.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might :

My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd : Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right ; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costárd.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [*To NATH.*] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror ! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax : he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak ! run away for shame, Alisander. [*NATH. retires.*] There, an't shall please you ; a foolish mild man ; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd ! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth ; and a very good bowler : but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis ;—a little o'erparted :—But there are worthies a coming will 'speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH arm'd, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. [*Exit MOTH.*

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as,
away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark,
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how he hath been baited!

Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector
in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will
now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

*Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—*

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace !

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium ;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.*

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long. I must rather give it the rein ; for it runs against
Hector.*

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ; sweet
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried : when he
breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward my device :
Sweet royalty, [to the Princess.] bestow on me the sense
of hearing.*

[BIRON whispers COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector ; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

*Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone ;
she is two months on her way.*

Arm. What meanest thou ?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the

poor wench is cast away : she's quick ; the child brags in her belly already ; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ?
thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him ; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey !

Boyct. Renowned Pompey !

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great
Pompey ! Pompey the huge !

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd :—More Ates, more Ates ;
stir them on ! stir them on !

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly
than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man ;
I'll flash ; I'll do it by the sword :—I pray you, let me
borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey !

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower,
Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat ?
What mean you ? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me ; I will not
combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it ; Pompey hath made the
challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't ?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt ; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen ; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's ; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam !

Prin. Welcome, Mercade ;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring, Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so ; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away ; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath : I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[Excunt Worthies.]

King. How fares your majesty ?

Prin. Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so ; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours ; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits :
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord !

A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That, which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of
grief;—

And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,

Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those, that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden counsel, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than
jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;

There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning :
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love ;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house ;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank ;
You are attaint with faults and perjury ;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?

Kath. A wife !—A beard, fair health, and honesty ;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?

Kath. Not so, my lord ;—a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say :

Come, when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

[*To the King.*]

King. No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I
am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the
plough for her sweet love three years. But, most es-
teemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the
two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl

and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTHE, COSTARD,
and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

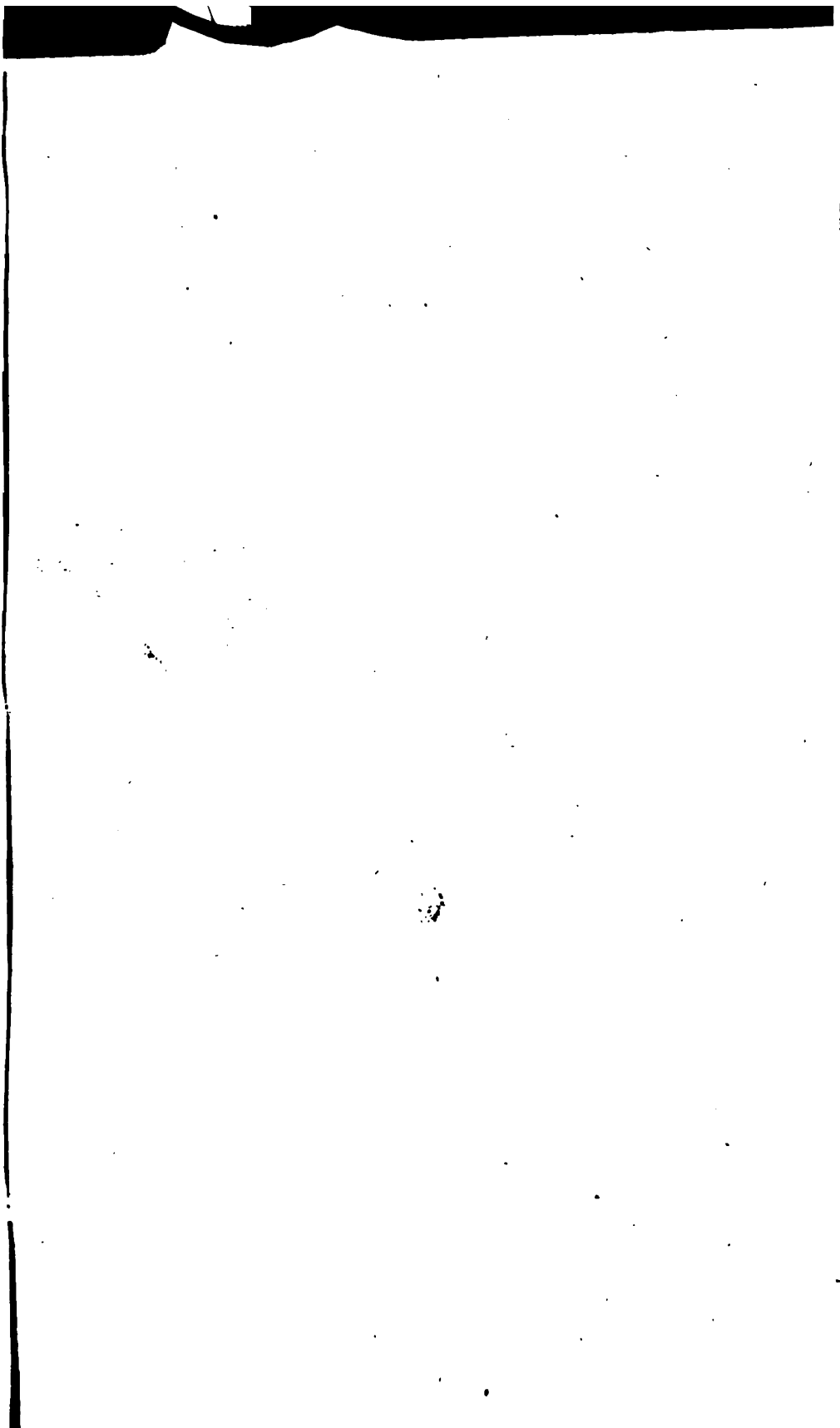
IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs
of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF VOLUME TENTH.

Printed by James Ballantyne,
Edinburgh.



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